

Thi saa har Gud elsket
Verden, at han gav sin
Søn, den enbaarne, for at
hver den som tror paa
ham, ikke skal fortæbes,
men have evigt Liv.

HYRDE

"JEG ER DEN GODE HYRDE." — Joh. 10. 11.

Den som tror paa ham,
bliver ikke dømt; den som
ikke tror, er allerede dømt,
fordi han ikke har troet
paa Guds enbaarne Søns
Navn.

17de aargang.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Andet Nr. i December, 1941.

Nr. 24

JUL!

"Nu gjennom sjælen klinger
Paany hvert ord, hver sang
Om ham, som frelse bringer
For syndres nød og trang.
Nu mindes end hvert hjerte
Om fredens glade bud,
Og salig den, hvis smerte
Ved krybben grædes ud.

End lyder englesangen
Saa deilig over jord;
Den trøstet har saa mangen,
Som under kummer bor.
Fra krybbens straa sig breder
Guds milde kjærlighet;
Hans faderhjerte græder
For hver, som fattes fred.

Just nu, mens mørket dækker
Ud over is og sne,
Han sine hænder rækker
Ud efter syndere.
Han hjerterne vil varme
I kjærlighetens skjul;
Kom, læg dig i hans arme,
Saa faar dit hjerte jul."

KRISTENLIVET

Fra Eilert Knudtson, Donald, har vi faat os tilsendt en avskrift fra Ludvig Hopes bok, "Kyrka og Guds Folk" som vi gjerne tar ind i Hyrden. Sproket kan maaske forekomme nogen av leserne lit vanskelig, men vi vil helst ikke resikere mulige forandringer ved noe forsøk paa omskrivning.

—Red.

Livet maa faa større fridom og rett. Det maa hoggast hol paa kyrkjedøren for livet. Prestemakti, kyrkemakti, og organisationsmakti maa stiga tilside for livsmakti. Ein maa vaaga meir paa livet enn paa formi og paa skalet omkring livet.

Her i Norig kan ein stundom sjaa at folk har fanga ein eller fleire aurer (ørreter) livande og slept dei ned i ein brunn. Det er tidt friskt vatn i desse brunnane, so fisken lever der aar etter aar. Men det vert som regel ikkje fleire enn dei som vert slepte nedi. Mære er dei, og lite veks dei. Dei har det rolig der nede, og nokon sers faare er det ikkje for dei. Men dei trivst ikkje. Dei var ikkje skapte for so trongt rom. Dei var skapte for den store elvi, den stride straumen og den sterke fossen. Der skulde dei strida for livet, og der skulde dei legja sin yngel.

Mange kyrkjer er for mykje ein "brunn" for kristenlivet. Der er roleg og lunt, men for trongt. So sluttar livet og veksa og formeira seg.

Kristus har aldrig meint at gudslivet skulde vera i ein slik "brunn" her i verdi. Det skulde vera i den store folke-elvi og slaa seg fram midt i den stride straumen.

Det er ikkje tvil um at gudslivet er for mykje innestengt i dei fleste norskamerikanske kyrkjer. Dette at presten skal vera nersagt den einaste forkynnaren aar ut og aar inn, det er eit prinsipp som maa drepa sunt kristenliv. Og so lenge dei held uppe det te prinsippet, er kristenlivet dømt til aa missa si kraft og si evne til aa vinne sjelene for Gud.

Evangelisten, lægpreikaren maa faa plassen sin i guds rike ogso der burte, etter Guds ord og livsens krav. Um ikkje det hender, kan dei ta til med kva dei vil, det er faafengt altihon, fordi livet ikkje faar sin rett.

Lægpreikaren som er lært av Gud ute paa prærien eller inne i skogane eller i storbyen, og kjenner kallet til aa ropa ut domsordet eller vækkjingsordet, maa faa fritt rom. Han maa faa ropa alt han orkar, utan at prest og kyrkja bind munnen paa han. Um so kyrkja skjelv og er ferdig til aa klovna, so maa han faa lov. Lægtalaren maa ind i farmhusi runt i landet og paa gamall norsk vis gaa fraa hus til hus, fraa bygd til bygd og



"FORFÆRDES IKKE! TI SE, JEG FO RKYNDER EDER EN STOR GLÆDE, SOM SKAL VEDERFARES ALT FOLKET: EDER ER IDAG EN FRELSE FØDT, SOM ER KRISTUS, HERREN, I DAVIDS STAD. OG DETTE SKAL I HA TIL TEGN: I SKAL FINDE ET BARN SVØBT, LIGGENDE I EN KRYBBE." Lukas 2:10-12.

Julebudskapet!

Nu gjennom sjælen klinger
Paany hvert ord, hver sang
Om ham, som frelse bringer
For syndres nød og trang.
Nu mindes end hvert hjerte
Om fredens glade bud,
Og salig den, hvis smerte
Ved krybben grædes ud.

End lyder englesangen
Saa deilig over jord;
Den trøstet har saa mangen,
Som under kummer bor.
Fra krybbens straa sig breder
Guds milde kjærlighed;
Hans faderhjerte græder
For hver, som fattes fred.

Just nu, mens mørket dækker
Ud over is og sne,
Han sine hænder rækker
Ud efter syndere.
Han hjerterne vil varme
I kjærlighedens skjul;
Kom, læg dig i hans arme,
Saa faar dit hjerte jul.

—M. Giverholt.

Vaar tids undere skjer i og ved dem som overgir sig helt til ham. Da blir det haarde lett og det sure søtt. Ja, da skjer det umulige.

Hannah W. Smith.

Om Jesu venner er aldri saa mange, saa maa ingen tro at Jesus ikke vet om hver enkelt. Han kjenner dig ut fra alle de andre. Han vet hvor du er og hvordan du har det. For han har sagt: Jeg kjenner mine.

Johan Lunde.

samla folket om ordet. Negtar kyrkjo han denne retten, so maa han kjem pa seg fram mot straumen tume for tume og aldrig gi upp.

Desse samtalemøti omkring i kyrkjene to, tri dager tilende, der kvinnene vert kommandert ut til aa laga mat, fører ikkje til noko. Nei, ut i folket, inn i husi, ja inn i kyrkjene ogso, naar berre mannen som er gripen av Gud faar slaa til.

Vaagar og vil ikkje dei norsk-lutherske frikyrkjerne i Amerika gi livet denne retten, so kjem dei til aa staa med den aandelige døden hengende over seg som eit tveeggja sverd.

Skal det verta noko umskifte, maa dei kristne som har syn for lægmanns-arbeidet, ta up den same striden i frikyrkjerne der burte som kristenfolket tok upp heime i statskyrkja: striden for livsretten for eit fritt, sjølvstyrt lægmanns-arbeid.

Fra Swift Current, Sask.

Her en tid siden fik jeg indbydelse av presten til at slaa følge til Betelkirken sydvest av Stewart Valley. Pastor K. Bergsagels kald. Pastor Bergsagel hadde fem konfirmanter og pastor Ole J. Marken to fra byen. I Swift Current har vi ikke hat noe kirkehus, og pastor Marken har aldrig likt at holde konfirmation i et privat hjem. Derfor var det blitt bestemt at slaa sig sammen med pastor Bergsagel.

Det var en meget fin dag, og kirken var fylt til sidste plads. Glædesfuldt var det ogsaa at faa vere ilag med disse flinke piker og gutter den dagen i kirken. Maatte de unge velge at følge Kristus oosaa for fremtiden!

Nu er et lokale blitt kjøpt som skal bli vor kirke her i byen. Det er beliggende syd fra CPR lokomotivstalden, men skal om mulig flyttes til et mere centralt sted.

- - G.

LIDT SJELESORG.

Spørsmål: Det er saa vanskelig at faa det klart hvad der virkelig skal til for at bli frelst. Stundom nevnes der saa mange ting der skal iagttages og til andre tider ser det ut til at det er saa liketil og enkelt. Et sted staar der at man maa omvende sig, og et andet sted staar der: Tro paa den Herre Kristus og du skal bli frelst. Det er muligt, at jeg ikke kan fatte disse ting. Det gaar helst rundt for mig, saa jeg vet hverken ind eller ut. Kan jeg virkelig bli frelst bare ved at tro paa Kristus, men jeg maa virkelig tilstaa at jeg ikke vet hvad der menes med at tro paa Kristus. Jeg skulde være taknemlig for lidt retledning i denne sak.

* * *

Svar: Spørsmålet om at bli frelst er jo det viktigste spørsmål i verden. Det gjelder ikke bare i dette liv, men det er en sak, der er av den allerstørste betydning for evigheten.

Adam og Eva forsøkte med en gang de hadde syndet at frelse sig selv ved at flygte bort fra Gud. Der staar at de skjulte sig, men dette frelste dem ikke. Der er jo mange der idag forsøker det samme. De flygter bare lenger og lenger bort fra Gud, men det bringer ingen frelse.

Kain forsøkte at frelse sig selv ved at nekte sin synd. Han sa: Er jeg min broders vokter. Der er jo mange idag, der ikke vil tilstaa sin

Alt blir gammelt her.

Alt bliver gammelt her,
slidt er drakten jeg bær,
hytten jeg bor i holder,
mer og mer det kvelder.
Alt bliver gammelt her.

Venner jeg hadde kjær
ser jeg ei mere her,
svakere hjertet banker,
trette blir mine tanker,
alt blir gammelt her.

Dog i min sjel der bor
hellige guddomsord.
Glad er jeg, glad og forteller
livet og dagen der holder,
som av hans ord jeg vet.

Nyt blir alting der,
evig nyt er det der.
Hør hvad han sier fra tronen,
han som har evighetskronen:
"Se, jeg gjør alting nyt."

Alt blir gammelt her,
nyt blir alting der!
Gjenfødt i livets kilde,
frit skal det naa hvad det vilde,
Nyt bliver alting der!

Gustav Jensen.

DEN MAA PRØVES!

In en by borte i England gik en dag en saapefabrikant og talte sammen med en anden forretningsmand som var kristen. De drøftet kristendommen.

Kristendommen er til ingen nytte, sa saapefabrikanten Se paa verden idag!

Den kristne forretningsmand: Slut med at fabrikere saape. Den saapen din er til ingen nytte. Se paa disse skitne ungerne i gaten!

Saapefabrikanten: Men kjære, ungerne har jo ikke vasket sig med saapen min. Hadde de bare det, da skulde du ha set.

Den kristne forretningsmand: Vel, det er netop saken! Kristenommen maa ogsaa prøves.

synd, men det frelser dem ikke. Dommen henger over en saadan likesom den hang over Kain.

David forsøkte at frelse sig selv ved at undskylde sin synd. Han sa: Sverdet fortærer her og der. Han skyldte paa krigen at Uria blev drept. Der er saa mange der forsøker at frelse sig selv ved undskyldninger. De forsøker at stille sin samvittighet tilfreds med den ene undskyldning efter den anden, men det hjelper ikke noen til frelse.

Frelsen er ikke noe vi kan faa i stand. Vi er nødt til at vende os bort fra os selv og hen til ham, der alene kan frelse.

Da fangevokteren i Philipi spurte hvad han skulde gjøre for at bli frelst var svaret: Tro paa den Herre Kristus og du skal bli frelst.

Tro paa Kristus kan ogsaa uttrykkes med at komme til Kristus, og Jesus sier at den som kommer til mig, vil jeg ikke støte ut.

Det er kun den der trenger at bli frelst, der vil komme til Kristus. Det er kun den der kjender syndebyrden trykker, der ser sig om efter en frelser. Saa blir spørsmålet: Hvor er den der kan ta bort syndebyrden? Det blev sagt: Tro paa Kristus. Det er det samme som at si: Gaa til Kristus med din syndebyrde. Den har jo ligget paa ham og han har tat hele straffen for den, for at du skal bli fri.

Saa snart en sjel gaar til Kristus med sin synd og bekjender alt, da gjør han det fordi han tror at han kan frelse. Det at komme slik er tro. Det er ikke den bevidste tro,

(Fortsat paa side 2)

HYRDEN

Organ of The Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada.

Rev. C. S. Lystig, Editor,
10923—94th Street, Edmonton, Alta.

Published semi-monthly. Subscription price:
One copy, one year 50 Cents.

All communications that concern the editorial department, and news items, should be sent to the Editor.

All money for the paper, and change of address, kindly send to

Mr. Josef B. Haave,
Phone 98 704

Luther Seminary, Saskatoon, Sask.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Printed by
THE CHRISTIAN PRESS, LIMITED
Winnipeg, Man.

TAKK FOR SAMVÆRET!

Med dette nummer avslutter vi vort arbeide som redaktør for Hyrden. I den forbindelse vil vi gjerne faa rette en kort men hjertelig takk til alle som paa en direkte eller indirekte maate har tjent som medarbeidere. Vi fortrekker ikke at nevne nogen ved navn. En like hjertelig takk ogsaa til alle læserne hvis taalmodighet ofte er blitt satt paa en haard prøve. Maa' vor efterfølger bli møtt med like stor velvilje!

At folket i Kanada er et gjestfritt og imøtekommende folk har vi tilfulde faat erfare. Mange lyse og dyrebare minder tar vi med os til vort nye virkefelt.

Herren velsigne den Norsk Luther-ske Kirke i Kanada! At saa er hans vilje ligger klart for dagen. Tiltrods for mange og store vanskeligheter har Gud skjenket baade saatid og grotid. Arbeidet viser fremgang, og baade her og der hører vi om at sjele frelses. La derfor arbeidet trofast fortsettes med voksende kjerlighet, mens det er dag; natten kommer da ingen kan arbeide.

Igjen hjertelig takk for velsignelsesrikt samvær!

C. S. Lystig.

(Fortsat fra side 1)

men det er den tro der tar sin tilflukt til Kristus. Hvis en sjel ikke hadde noen tro paa Kristus, da vilde han ikke komme. Han vilde simpelthen holde sig aldeles borte fra ham. Troen opstaar netop, som barnelærdommen sier, i en syndig jammers følelse. Det første en ærlig sjel gjør naar den kommer er at bekjende sin synd og det kjendes ikke som noen frelse at fortelle Gud, hvor stor og fortapt en synder man er. Nei det kjendes heller som om at man bare kommer lenger og lenger bort fra Gud og at det stundom ser ut som der ikke er noe andet end den evige fortapelse at vente. Og dog—det er netop under denne nød at troen skapes i hjertet. Det er dette rop og denne tilflukt til Kristus der viser, at der er tro paa ham. Denne tro kan kjendes som en indre lengsel eller som Jesus sier: Hunger og tørst etter retfærdighet.

Bare gaa til ham slik. Det er tro, og den som tror paa Kristus skal bli frelst.

Imidlertid vil denne lengselstro eller denne hunger og tørst etter retfærdighet klarne hos den ærlige sjel. Den vil utvikle sig til en mer bevidst tro. Det er Guds aands gjerning. Den som har begyndt den gode gjerning vil fuldføre den. Vi maa derfor la Guds aand faa virke gjennom ordet paa vort hjerte og han er mektig til at oplade ordet slik, at det blir en bevidst tro der griper Kristus og holder fast ved det han har gjort for os.

Det er saligt allerede her at komme til Kristus paa denne maate, og der staar jo at den som tror paa Kristus skal bli frelst.

Jeg vet ikke om dette kan hjelpe dig lidt til at komme til klarhet over dette spørsmål, at tro paa Kristus.

Imidlertid kan du holde fast ved det løfte som Jesus selv har git: Den som kommer til mig støter jeg ikke ut. Northwood-Emissæren

My worth to God in public is what I am in private.—Chambers.

Pastor Vinge Ny Redatør

Netop som vi holder paa med at faa bladet i trykken, faar vi underretning om at Pastor Albert M. Vinge, Ryley, Alberta, er blitt valgt til redaktør av Hyrden, og at det nye tillitshverv er blit antat.

Pastor Vinge er saa godt kjent av alle Hyrdens lesere at noget formel introducering fra vor side er aldeles overflødig. Han er en rikt begavet mand, dyktig og omsorgsfuld i al sin gjerning. Følgelig har han ogsaa henderne mere og fulde allerede. Men ordsproket siger at naar noe trenger til at bli gjort, saa er det bedst at henvende sig til en som har det travelt.

Den nye redaktør er vel hjemme i begge sprog, og er selv en dyktig skribent. Maa da Guds rike velsignelse ledsage ham ogsaa i det nye virke, til glede og gagn ikke bare for ham selv men for hele Hyrdens adspredte lesekreter!

C. S. L.

In Our Own Homes

by Zillah Heisig Fjelstad

"O happy home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place!"

What is it that makes a Christian home? What is home religion? These are important questions and need thoughtful consideration. He who plants flowers, gives them much care and thought. In our homes we are growing immortal lives. If men take such pains to know how to grow flowers which fade in a day, should not we take pains to know how to grow souls which live forever?

No Christian work is more difficult than that of building a Christian home. However, many do not realize this. Their Christian work is directed toward things outside, toward meetings and organizations. They do not put any work into the building of a Christian home, at least no planned work, no work with a conscious objective.

As parents we have no greater duty than that of educating our children and certainly no duty should be more dear.

Make the home life beautiful with-out and within, and it will sow the seeds of cheerfulness, truth, love, kindness, gentleness and honesty in the hearts of the children, from which the children reap a harvest of happiness and virtue. The memory of the beautiful and happy home of childhood is the richest legacy parents can leave to their children.

The family atmosphere teaches a child the value of love or the power of force. In the home one should find understanding, companionship in successes, and sympathy in failures. If a child feels insecure in his home he lacks faith and trust and develops an unfriendly attitude toward others. A home for a child is security and the right home environment means the harmonious enrichment of his after life.

What should be the religious atmosphere of a home to make it a true spiritual conservatory? Why should we not have devotion in our home? Shall we call our home a Christian home, and yet never worship Christ within our doors? Shall we call ourselves God's children and yet never offer praise to our Father? Should not God's children live differently from the children of the world?

With the discard of family worship has gone much Christian knowledge. Children know the names and faces of film stars who live in open sin and disgrace but cannot name the twelve apostles of Christ; they can recite the exploits of sports' heroes but cannot name the heroes of faith. With the family altar has gone strength of morals, principles and a higher standard of morals among young people.

We always have the time problem.

ADVENTURES ON THE TUXUK RIVER

By Helen Frost

"In what place soever ye enter into an house, there abide till ye depart from that place."—Mark 6:11.

Not that I want to compare myself with the strength and faith of the disciples, but God's providence was again shown to me.

I had waited for calm weather. Going in a little boat would be no fun if one of those severe storms would come up.

A Sick Baby. Word had come that a little baby was sick at the camp farthest up the Tuxuk, so next morning it was with anxious fear that I set out. I put the 4-horsepower Elko outboard engine on my little boat and took medicine kit, gasoline, a few jersey-creams, my cup, and a little tea. The weather did not look good although it was not blowing much. However as I started off, the words came to me, "The Lord will provide. You are on His errand."

Rowing. I had passed the third camp, perhaps a mile or two up river, when my motor stopped. I began pulling the rope to get it started, but of no avail. And I was fast going down the river again; so I began rowing toward the fourth camp, and getting closer to shore. One of the girls saw how I was struggling against the wind and tide, so came along the shore to meet me, and rowed me in to camp.

Companions. All gathered for devotion and prayer first. Then one of the men looked at the engine, but he could find nothing wrong with it. I tried, and it started beautifully. Two girls offered to go along with me, and I was happy for that. So on we went, past the fifth and sixth camps, intending to stop there on the way back.

Having stayed up late, the people at the next camp had just built the fire, so this time it was devotion and prayer before breakfast, even though it was 10.30 a.m.

They saw us coming at the next camp, so were all seated in a circle and ready for us. Here the mother had left some time ago for Nome to seek medical aid. The report had come that little could be done for her. It is sad, for the husband has been ailing a long time too, and there is a large family to support. We surely needed to talk to God then.

Upper camp. By this time it was beginning to blow. The last camp was located in a stormy place. With a strong onshore wind, landing in a small boat is very hard.

If we do not have time, take time. We find time for everything else. Is the spiritual nurture of one's children so unimportant that it may with impunity be crowded out altogether to give one time to sleep a little later, or read the morning paper more leisurely.

Special emphasis is placed on character-education these days because we realize that almost 50 per cent of crime is committed by youth who are less than 21 years of age.

What do people see in our homes, as books, papers, magazines and pictures on our walls? What movies do we see, and what radio programs do we listen to?

What impression are being left on the minds of our children?

Daily worship supplies what mere Sunday worship cannot. From Sunday to Sunday is a long time to go without eating. As certainly as we need daily bread for the body the soul needs daily food as well. Daily home worship is a daily meeting with God. The first and chief need of our Christian life is fellowship with God.

Every home in this world is exposed to a thousand dangers. Enemies seek to destroy it, to desecrate its holy beauty and to carry away its sacred treasures.

There is no doubt that we Christians ought to show much more of the Christ-life than we do, and may God pardon us for so often being stumbling-blocks instead of stepping-stones.

It is impossible to estimate the influence of the reading of the Word in a home day after day and year after year.

Our nation can never be stronger than the homes which make up the nation. The church can never be better than the homes supporting the church. The history of tomorrow is being written in advance by the fathers and mothers of today on the impressionable lives of their children.

The sick baby was at this camp, and I was determined to get there, now that I had gotten this far, and the motor was still in operation. However as we came closer, I realized that we could not land there, so turned off into a little bay; then walked to the camp. The mother said her baby seemed a little better, but I was glad I had come, doing what I could for it.

More Engine Trouble. By the time I was ready to leave, the wind had increased considerably, and rain was threatening. They were cooking fish in one of the tents, and I knew they intended that we should have some. But I did not want to be stormbound there, so we started back to the boat. This time the motor would not start. I worked for quite some time, then pulled ashore again to see what I could do. After wiping off the water and doing a little fixing which I thought might be the cause, we tried again,—and away we went.

This time the piece of canvas which I happened to have along, served as a break against the wind, spray, and rain,—for the water was determined to get into our boat.

"There abide till ye depart." We came to one of the camps omitted in the morning and stopped for almost two hours. These folks were Catholics, but it was a welcome shelter until it had calmed a little. The tea kettle was on. Some nice hot tea together with our jersey-creams tasted fine. There was still a hollow place in our stomachs.

But when we arrived at the next camp we were treated to some nice dry reindeer meat and more tea, to which we surely did justice. It was so nice and warm in there. We took our parkas off to dry. My fur-parka needed mending which this kind woman offered to do; and her husband took my motor into the tent and cleaned parts of it to see what was the difficulty. There was water in the carburetor, and a loose connection in the wiring.

Trouble Located. When we left about two hours later, the motor simply would not start. The native at the last camp saw how we were working and followed us up. He too tried to start it, pulling the rope as hard as he could. The wind and current and a little rowing carried us to the next camp where the two girls lived. Here they finally discovered that my hot-shot battery was worn out. The native here kindly loaned me his battery, so that by 7.30 p.m. I finally arrived at my own cabin again.

I had been home but a short time when a real South Storm came, followed by 24 hours of almost steady rain. My shoulders, back and neck ached next day, from trying to start the motor. But I was glad to be safely home. I had been trying to render some deeds of service to those whom I contacted. But there had surely been many a deed of good service rendered to me too.

—*"Eskimo Land."*

"Pray not for tasks according to your power; pray rather for power according to your tasks."

Rise Up, Ye Women!

"Bundles for Britain" has become a watchword in the United States among many women who are friends of England. The British Isles received an unmerciful pounding last winter, which may be repeated before long.

We want to advocate "Bundles" for our own people rather than for those engaged in war. Charity begins at home. We know that our own children are hungry. No, they do not suffer physical hunger, but there is so much spiritual starvation in the land, that the word of the prophet to our mothers is in place. "Rise up, ye women that are at ease." Let them rise up and prepare bundles filled with spiritual values, which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

Luther called the women who are at ease, proud women, who live care-free in prosperous luxury and contentment. They are self-satisfied. They have no thought for the future. They are the gadabouts, who say: "Nothing will happen to us." This is the type of woman to whom Isaiah, the prophet, writes in Isa. 32:9, "Rise up, ye women that are at ease."

What would the prophet say to the women of our country? We have many, many careless, proud and haughty women, who sit back in a self-satisfied stupor without realizing that the world is toppling all

(Continued on page 3)

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

The SHEPHERD

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. John 10, 11.

He that believeth on him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Second Nr. in December, 1941.

SOON TO BE PUBLISHED

The first history of a Norwegian settlement in Canada, including vivid sketches of pioneer life and authentic stories of pioneer adventure.

ALBERTA PIONEERS OF BARDO

Including sketches of early settlements in the surrounding districts

Authors: Magda Hendrickson and Ragna Steen.

Publishers: The Historical Society of Beaver Hills Lake, Tofield, Alberta.

In the introduction, Mr. N. N. Ronning of Minneapolis writes:

"Here we have a pioneer story of absorbing interest and abiding value. As for exiting adventure, heart-rending struggles, and sheer heroism, I know of few pioneer stories which surpass it."

"The stories are written or have been told by people who have been actors in the drama of the prairie. This book will be a source of information and inspiration not only for the children and the children's children of the brave builders of Bardo, but for all who admire the spirit of adventure, sacrifice and heroism of pioneers anywhere on the American continent."

Contents.

Introduction — By N. N. Ronning author of "Fifty Years in Amerika" and many other books.

On to Canada — Buffalo and Indians of Beaver Lake.

The First Settlers — Four land-seekers locate at Bardo.

Summer and Fall of '94 — Settlers arrive in Amisk Creek.

Christmas Eve — First trip to Edmonton.

The First Winter — Rabbits, logging.

The Congregation — First Norwegian Church in Canadian Northwest.

Experiences and Adventures — Farming and digging gold.

Our Neighbors — Tofield, Ketchamoot, Farmington, Round Hill.

Prairie Fires — The big fire of '95.

Homemaking — Log houses and furnishings, food and clothing.

Post Office — Logan, Tofield, Northern, Earling, Vermillion Valley, Viking.

Livelihood — Ranching, farming lumbering.

The School — First school of '96, Bardo.

Bersvend Anderson — Skandia, Stony Plain, Star, New Norway, Bardo.

Ladies Aid — Ladies Aid, 1898, and Girls' Society, 1899.

Social Life — Parties, literaries, weddings, picnics, sports, band.

Rainy Years — Sod roofs, floods, impassable roads.

Stories of the Trail — Mosquitoes unusual adventures.

The Bardo Store — Anderson, Bakken, Ward and Whyte, Bosman, Logan, Bittern Lake.

Ways and Means — Butter society, trapping, hunting.

Pioneer Mothers — To whom the book is dedicated.

Roads and Railroads — Wetaskiwin, Camrose, Edmonton, Tofield, Ryley, Kingman, Round Hill.

Story of the Church — Building churches organizations.

Emigration to Grande Prairie — Old and new settlers moving north.

Mr. N. N. Ronning, author of "Fifty Years in Amerika", says after reading the manuscript:

"Very few of the first settlers wrote down their experiences; they were so busy making history that there was no time left for writing history. What would it not have meant if some person or persons had

Medicine Hat Circuit Meeting

The Medicine Hat Circuit met at Calgary, Rev. I. Saugen's charge, on Nov. 7 - 9. The theme of the convention was: "Christ and His Church." Rev. A. H. Solheim from Camrose was the guest speaker. Messages were also brought by Rev. Saugen and by Rev. R. Olson.

The W.M.F. was in charge of the evening service. Mrs. Sørhus from Camrose gave an interesting talk on the early pioneers in our Church - - their faith and courage - - and she encouraged all the Aids to start a history of their Aid and their Church.

At the business meeting some very important matters were discussed. It was moved and carried to change the name of the circuit from "Medicine Hat" to that of "The Southern Alberta Circuit." The new Pension Plan was also discussed. Realizing the great need of more pastors within the Circuit — Rev. I. Saugen and Rev. R. Olson being the only two at present — the Circuit felt constrained to draw up the following resolution:

"Southern Alberta Circuit of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada in session at Calgary, Alberta, Nov. 7 - 9, 1941, do lament the condition within our circuit on account of lack of workers, and therefore urge upon our people to call upon God to hasten the day when more workers will be available for our circuit.

Realizing, that congregational work cannot be built by a visitation once every fifth or sixth Sunday, and that a large portion of our circuit has not received any more service for years, and that certain places are not receiving any services at all now, the situation has become such that if our Church shall continue to hold this field a definite change in the work must take place, or the field is lost to our Church. We do therefore urge upon the Home Mission Board of our Church in Canada to seriously consider our plea and do all in its power to send more men into the circuit."

— Anker Berg, Sec

done the same for other settlements while some of the first settlers were still living!"

In the case of Bardo this important work has already been done. The grand-daughter of the first Norwegian missionary to Alberta, Rev. Bersvend Anderson, and the daughter of a pioneer of Bardo, Nils Jevning, have spent years in gathering and writing interesting accounts of early pioneer life. The material is now ready. We are inviting you to join us in publishing the book.

Organization: The Historical Society of Beaver Hills Lake was organized in Bardo on October 4, 1941 at an enthusiastic and well attended meeting. Mr. N. N. Ronning of Minneapolis who has been interested in similar projects in the Norwegian settlements of Minnesota, addressed the meeting. It was decided to organize. Officers were elected and the publication of the book was undertaken.

Officers: — Honorary President N. N. Ronning, Minneapolis, Minn. President, Ben Anderson, Tofield. Secretary-Treasurer, Martin Hagen Tofield.

Directors: George Cookson, Tofield, Mrs. Flaaten, Tofield, Hans Hillerud, Tofield, Clarence Simonson, Kingman, Chester Ronning, Camrose.

Membership: — It was decided that the membership fee in the Society be set at two dollars. This will entitle the member to a free copy of a cloth-bound volume of the book.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

By Dr. C. Bergendoff

My conception of Christian higher education is one of Christians at work in all fields of human endeavor, expressing in their highest achievements their faith in a Christ who overcomes the world. There is no essential difference between higher and lower education. Primary and secondary Christian education relates the more common and general experiences of life to faith in Christ. Higher education should carry that reference to the more abstract and most remote regions of human thought and feeling. Higher Christian education is in short the educational activity of Christian men and women, who see all that man learns in the light of the Christian revelation. Because the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the child of God seeks diligently to know what the Father will reveal in whatever way he chooses. Far from shutting out his followers from all the truth and beauty of the world, the Lord has bidden them to behold how the lilies grow, the swallows fly, to listen to the breath of the wind, and to watch the clouds at sunset. Because they have seen the glory of God in Jesus Christ, Christians ought to recognize that all the earth is full of His glory.

The crucial factor is the demand that the scholar shall be Christian, shall live in fellowship with Christ. What this implies, how it is accomplished, I have not sought to describe here. I wish, however, to emphasize that the charter of the Christian institution of higher learning places upon it the responsibility of producing scholars who are Christians. Simply to produce scholars the institutions of the State are sufficient. The distinction that belongs to Christian colleges lies in their development of men and women who may have—and should have—just as much quantity of learning as have non-Christian scholars, but the quality of whose life in both thought, will, and feeling, is different because of the renewal effected by Jesus Christ. A college is Christian not in curriculum, library, buildings, but in its people, both faculty and student men and women.

How many courses and what kind of courses the Church school should offer depends on the resources of the school which enable it to do this work well. A college can be Christian and offer comparatively few departments. But the Church should have a few relatively comprehensive institutions, wherein may be trained men and women in many branches of learning, if for no other reason, to demonstrate that no field of interest is alien to the Christian. More urgent, however, is the need to prepare teachers who can go even into the highest of state institutions of learning to bear witness, in their profession, to the lordship of Jesus Christ. And for the welfare of Christian congregations, a ministry of the Word, of mercy, of music and art, needs be trained for the enrichment of the life of the people of the Church. Figures reveal that over 90 per cent of the ministers of the Protestant Church come from church schools—these, thus, influence decisively the standard of thought in the Church. The maintenance of the Christian view of life, I am convinced, depends in America, and if in America, then in these days probably in the world, on the church colleges and seminaries.

My conclusion is that Christians of the Church should be leaders in discovering the mysteries of nature and in solving the problems of life rather than camp-followers who are uncertain where they belong. Their fellowship with Christ transforms them from being "fashioned according to this world" (the variant reading "age" suggests that "world" is not a static, unchanging condition, but

Confirmation and Evangelistic Meetings.

After two years' instruction a class of twelve young people renewed their baptismal promise on November 2nd in St. Luke's congregation, Congress, Sask. Two girls, 10 and 15 years of age, who previously had received instruction in preparation for baptism, were baptized on that day; also four children.

From November 4th to and including the 9th, a series of evangelistic meetings were conducted by Evangelist, Rev. Peder Nordsletten, Fergus Falls, Minnesota, in four congregations served by H. F. Johnson, Assiniboia. Eleven meetings were held.

We are grateful to God Who made it possible for us to have these extra meetings. We thank the Home Mission Board of our church, and Rev. Nordsletten for his visit to Canada.

From Weldon, Sask.

The Weldon Luther League held a program on October 5, with the Missionary Committee in charge. Opening hymn was, "O Jesus Lord to Thee I cry." Mr. Carl Haave led in devotion. Vocal trio by Signe, Una, and Rolf Jacobsen. First and second parts of the topic, "What makes a martyr?", were discussed by Grace and Russell Monson. Instrumental trio by the Pedersons. Piano solo by Selma Aune.

On October 26th the program opened by singing, "Thee, God, we praise, Thy holy name we bless." Rev. Korshavn led in devotion. The choir sang, "Sun of my soul Thou Savior Dear." The topic, "The Righteous and Unrighteous Man," was introduced by Sherman Korshavn. Hilma Berglund, Ingrid Wiste, and Harold Hanson discussed the three parts of the topic. Vocal trio by Dorothy, Alice, and Donald Hanson. Solo by Ole Haave.—Lucille Hanson.

differs from one generation to another). By the renewing of their mind, they may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of a God whose are heavens, earth, and sea, and all generations of mankind.

(Continued from page 2)
about them. They spend many hours in the theater, amusing themselves like little children; they go to the beauty parlors to be prettied up, "from the sole of the foot even unto the head"; they go to their clubs and spend their time in idle chatter and the latest gossip; they play bridge so poorly that a professional must come in to flatter their ignorance.

In the meantime what is happening to their children, if they have any? They do not teach them to call upon the name of the Lord, except it be in vain. Their children are disobedient little rowdies adept at wisecracking and back-talk. They come to Sunday school and principal. They must be treated with "kid-gloves" by the pastor in confirmation instruction.

After "graduating" from Sunday school these children cannot attend divine services, for they must catch up on their sleep after carousing around on Saturday night. What a bleak picture for the Church of Jesus Christ! But dare any congregation whose church attendance is less than 25 per cent of her membership deny that it is a true picture?

Rise up, ye women that are at ease! Safeguard your families for events that are to come. Safeguard your children in body and soul. Store up in their hearts and minds a spiritual reserve. Teach them to pray regularly. Show them the value of religious instruction and worship. Prepare for the emergency and meet it with spiritual "Bundles for our own U.S.A."

—C. F. H.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

Mrs. J. R. Lavik, Editor, — Luther Seminary, Saskatoon, Sask.

And suddenly there was with the angel
a multitude of the heavenly host praising
God, and saying, *Glory to God in the
highest, and on earth peace, good will
toward men.* (Luke 2:13, 14)

Silent night! Holy night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus our Savior is here!
Jesus our Savior is here!

Jesus, Rose Of Sharon

There's a big bud on my Christmas cactus that I just know is going to bloom long before Christmas. And of course, there are many other buds beginning to form. But there will be one exquisite flower soon, a sort of forerunner of the many beautiful ones to come. That is, providing they are tended carefully and watered, provided, too, that the soil gives enough nourishment, and that baby's experimental fingers leave it alone.

It gave me a little thrill of joy, that one early bud. And I know just as surely as I go about my simple tasks from day to day in the coming weeks, I shall watch the unfolding of that first flower—a flower representing beauty, joy, creation, yes, and Christmas!

I think that my heart needs to develop and to unfold in a manner similar to that of this flower, if it is to be wide open before Christmas. There is so much that wants to hinder it from expanding as it should.

There is the seeking of light, the food from the Word, and the watering by prayer—all of which are so often neglected in this busy world of ours. The heart must have time for rest and meditation. There is nothing beneficial for the heart in the rude jostling of an over-busy life—a life that crowds out the Christ.

And the heart can wilt and droop just as easily as a flower without water and light. The heart and soul of a Christian need "Daily Bread." My body cannot live without food. Neither can my soul. Oh! may I be faithful every day in supplying my soul with the one thing needful. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these other things shall be added unto you."

The other day my young daughter was telling us of a poor little eight-year-old ragged newsboy whom her aunt had met while at supper in a cafe in the city. "And," continued she, "his mother and father didn't care if he didn't come home at night. He often slept in the dog-house. His father was out of work and the boy was so hungry that auntie and uncle gave him their supper. They weren't very hungry anyway. And do you know, mama, that boy had never had any Christmas presents or birthday presents."

At that shocking statement, the tears rushed to my eyes. I couldn't help it. Here were my own children, well fed, clothed and warm, and loved! And—not always so thankful for all they received either.

Women of our Church, of our Federation! What are we doing today to alleviate suffering and to bring happiness to some troubled child? Is our heart enlarged, expanded to see the needs of the world today?

Oh! may the Prince of Peace this Christmas be permitted to work through our hearts to the glory of His own Name!

May we all have a Blessed Yuletide in the Master's Service; and in the joy of our own hearth—forget not those less fortunate than ourselves.

May Jesus as the Rose of Sharon bloom in our hearts today and all days, so that like the cactus bud we may bring some joy to those in need.

Sincerely,
Magda Hendrickson.

The First Christmas Carol

The sweetest song men ever heard
Was that glad Christmas morn,
When angel hosts proclaimed with joy
That Christ our Lord was born.

A glimpse of heaven to men was shown
That glorious Christmas night,
When angels sang in glad acclaim
Of Christ our Life and Light.

No greater love was ever shown
Than when God gave His Son
To suffer, bleed, and die on earth
To see His Kingdom come.

Christ's kingdom in the hearts of men
Shall spread and shall increase;
A kingdom that shall never end,
Of love, and joy, and peace.

"Glory to God, Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest!
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Glory to God in the highest!"
Lawson.

Christmas in the Home

How much of a Christmas do you have in your home? Sometimes one can not but wonder if the Norwegians in Canada are keeping up the best traditions of Norwegian Christmas. In Norway they made much of Christmas in the home, and those of us who are children of immigrants remember very well how much was made of Christmas as a sacred festival in the home of our childhood. There was in many cases much of poverty. The gifts were probably not elaborate or costly. But that did not matter. Quite aside from these things, there was something about Christmas that made a lasting impression upon us, something very sacred and uplifting.

Some of the more outward preparations for Christmas eve contributed to this sense of sacredness. To youthful appetites the careful preparations being made in the kitchen were of considerable importance. But this was not all by any means. In the attitude of our parents we sensed that there was at the same time something very sacred and serious and joyful about this festival. And we were required to prepare properly for its celebration. All chores were to be completed by four o'clock Christmas eve, and they were to be done especially well. All the animals were to have extra attention, a little more of good things than usual, and the birds were to have their sheaves, too. And when the chores were done, everyone must have his bath and put on his best clothes. Not to have done so would have been something of a desecration of the festival.

As we sat down for the evening meal the Christmas gospel was read, that old, old story that never grows old, of the Christ Child that came into the world to save us from our sins, and of the song of the angels of peace and good will on earth. That gave also to our Christmas eve its sacred setting. After the meal was over and the dishes were done, there followed the singing of Christmas carols around the beautiful Christmas tree. After the gifts had been distributed, and duly thanked for, father always read to us some fascinating Christmas story, which always seemed to give to Christmas a deeper and more sacred meaning.

Hallowed memories have remained with us through the years from those wonderfully beautiful and sacred Christmas eves which we spent at home in that old fashioned way.

Parents, make much of Christmas eve in your home, in a truly Christian way! If you make it a truly sacred festival in the home, your children will in later years bless you for it, for you will have given them something that is worth much more than even the most lavish of material gifts. —L.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

"There was no room for them in the inn."
(Luke 2:7)

There has always been a scarcity of room for Jesus in this world, and no change for the better is in sight either: quite the contrary. All men know indeed that He is good, but He is too good: He does not suit the self-sufficient generation that chooses to live according to its own lusts. We can build churches and altars for Him, and on festival days and at a grave we can sing, too, about Him and His heaven, but then that will also have to be enough. The aim of our life is to live as we please, without having anything to do with Jesus. But when we die He is expected politely to have a door open for us right into heaven. We are about to dare Him to fail us there.

That is the way most people think and live. During life they want nothing to do with Jesus, but when they die they must at all costs go to Him. He who must stand outside the door of your heart, home, business, parties, and the whole course of your life, He must have a place for you in His heaven, because you want to get in there. What are you going to do there? You will not get a new mind in death: you must get it here. No; the Jesus that you have no room for. He has no heaven for you. If you wish to find room with Jesus when you die, then you must have room for Him while you are living.

But you and I who once gave Him room, let us be on our guard, and keep away from everything that would make the place of Jesus smaller in our lives. It is hard to find room for Jesus with many of us Christians, too. This world deceives and draws so many of the Lord's little ones, also. —Ludwig Hope.

Religion at Home With Your Family

In the visiting room of a reformatory sat a young man and a chaplain. The lad was doing time for a crime that he had committed in one night of many thrills. In a series of questions the chaplain was trying to discover what caused the boy's delinquency.

"Have you ever attended Sunday school or church?" asked the pastor. "When I was a little kid," said the boy, "but as I got a little older I thought I was too big for Sunday school and I quit going. My Dad hardly ever went to church and didn't seem to care whether I went, so I stopped going there too."

The chaplain eyed him intently for a moment and then asked in his kindly way, "Don't you believe that it would have been better for you to have continued in the Christian life?"

"I suppose so. But I got the idea that it was just kid and sissy stuff. I used to say my prayers at night and read the Bible lessons the Sunday school teacher gave me to study. When I got older I noticed that no one else in our house ever read the Bible or prayed. So I thought these things were like fairy tales, bed time stories and Santa Claus which you believe in only when you are children."

As the chaplain thought this case over in his mind, he no doubt had no difficulty deciding who was to blame for this boy's delinquency. Perhaps he was reminded of the question that was asked of Jesus concerning a certain blind man, "Who has sinned? This man or his parents?" In a situation like this, one could readily agree with Lilburn Merrill who wrote in his book, *Winning the Boy*. "Ordinarily the boy is all right. I cannot say as much for the big folk. If I could there would be no boy problem. The trouble is with the adult." When boys are practically left homeless by the indifference, carelessness and neglect of parents who have time for everything except to pal with their children it is hard

to blame everything on youth.

Yes, there are many boys who are homeless. Not all homeless boys are without a good house in which to live. Some of them have plenty to eat, good clothes to wear, a comfortable bed and adequate shelter but still do not have the one thing needful — namely, parents who understand them and are responsive to their youthful needs and problems. It is possible for a boy to be lonely in a professedly Christian home if he doesn't have anyone to listen to him, and is conscious of the fact that no one is really concerned about whether he grows "in wisdom, in stature and in favor with God and man." —Lutheran Herald.

"O earth, earth, earth hear the Word of the Lord" (Jer. 22:29).

Today the world is so busy fighting a war that it can give little heed to God's word.

Tomorrow it will be too busy recovering from the ravages of war to take time to listen to God.

Ere long it will be so busy preparing for the next war that it must again postpone until another day attentiveness to His word.

What madness! Earth, hear the word of the Lord now, for now is the day of salvation. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.

And what divine patience Almighty God exercises in continuing to offer this earth His loving and saving grace in Christ. But someday harvest will be past. Now, while He is near, call upon Him.

No Time To Pray

No time to pray! I hear you say
As you hurry on through a busy day;
No time to talk with Jesus your friend,
Who has love for you that has no end.

No time to pray! while He's waiting near,
Longing your weary heart to cheer,
Longing each burden to help you bear,
Longing each one of your cares to share.

No time to pray! yet you wonder why
You grumble and fuss as the day goes by,
Everything going from bad to worse,
As you hurry along full of remorse.

There's time to pray! I hear you say
As you hurry on through a busy day;
Time to talk with Jesus your friend
He gave you peace that knows no end.

There's time to pray! oh gladsome song,
Even when everything seems to go wrong.
Your burdens were light, not heavy your cares,
Because you took time to whisper a prayer.

— Mildred K. Knudson, at S.L.B.I.

The editor of this column wishes to express on behalf of the young people of our district our regret that Pastor Lystig is leaving the district, and hence can no longer edit Hyrden. It is our prayer that the Lord will bless him in His new field of labor.

A BLESSED CHRISTMAS!

May God give to all the readers of this column a blessed Christmas in our Savior. It is yet true that His goodness changeth never. We need a changeless Savior who will go with us through the coming year.